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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

VILLANELLE: THE PSYCHOLOGICAL HOUR

I

I had over-prepared the event—
 that much was ominous.
With middle-aging care
 I had laid out just the right books,
I almost turned down the right pages;

*Beauty is so rare a thing . . .
So few drink of my fountain.*

So much barren regret!
So many hours wasted!
And now I watch from the window
 rain, wandering busses.

Their little cosmos is shaken—
 the air is alive with that fact.
In their parts of the city
 they are played on by diverse forces;

I had over-prepared the event.
*Beauty is so rare a thing . . .
So few drink at my fountain.*

Two friends: a breath of the forest . . .
Friends? Are people less friends
 because one has just, at last, found them?

Villanelle: The Psychological Hour

Twice they promised to come.

"Between the night and morning?"

Beauty would drink of my mind.

Youth would awhile forget

my youth is gone from me.

Youth would hear speech of beauty.

II

("Speak up! You have danced so stiffly?

Someone admired your works,

And said so frankly.

"Did you talk like a fool,

The first night?

The second evening?"

"But they promised again:

'Tomorrow at tea-time.'")

III

Now the third day is here—

no word from either;

No word from her nor him,

Only another man's note:

"Dear Pound, I am leaving England."

Ezra Pound